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# CLINCH VALLEY NEWS.

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**THE natives of New Britain, an island in the Pacific, have a custom of caging their daughters until they reach the marrying age. This plan saves a deal of trouble and expense, as may be seen at a glance. There are no clopements in New Britain, and there are no bankruptcies by reason of heavy demands for spring bonnets. In fact, the natives make very parsimonious use of clothing, wearing but a narrow cloth about their loins. They would make splendid cigarette photographs.**

**The rejection of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt by the Jockey Club in Paris has occasioned much comment in New York club circles. It is generally thought that Mr. Vanderbilt did not act wisely in allowing himself to be proposed for membership, as he had not been a resident of the gay capital sufficiently long to enable him to become well acquainted with the club's members. The Jockey Club of Paris is an organization very chary of admitting new members, and Mr. Vanderbilt's rejection, for these two reasons, does not signify anything in particular.**

**There is at Louisville, Ky., a preacher named Buckley, who claims to possess divine power. A night or two since an immense crowd assembled to see him restore a child to life. He said he had the power to raise the dead, but that power, which came from God, was limited and not perfect. He could not raise the adult dead, but he could restore dead children to life. Still, his power in that respect was limited, and he could not raise a child that had been dead longer than two days, while the child that was in the vault had been dead over five days.**

**Dr. Sutherland is greatly worried about one statement made in accounts of the President's wedding. He says: "The papers are wrong in saying Mrs. Cleveland drank wine on her wedding night. She did not. I stood beside her, and can speak the truth in saying that not a drop of wine touched her lips. As the wedding party stood about the table and wine was poured out Miss Rose Cleveland filled a glass with apollinaris water, sent it around to Mrs. Cleveland, and then filled another for herself; they drank with the rest. Mr. Cleveland drank champagne, as he will doubtless continue to do."**

**Maria Hedron, fourteen years old and black, was committed to the Industrial School in Baltimore by her mother, who said she couldn't do anything with Marie. She had a room on the fifth floor. One dark night she got out on the roof, hung from the eaves by her hands, and dropped to a building beneath, thence jumped to the roof of a house adjoining, got on the veranda, slid down a post to the ground, scaled the fence, and went home. Her mother at once notified the police, and one of the force went to rearrest Marie. He couldn't find her until he happened to stick his hand up a chimney. He felt something, and grabbed and pulled, and down came Marie, blacker than ever, and angry.**

**Mr. Keely ought to try his fiddle bow on Congress. It might make it "note."**

**INDIGESTION**

To strengthen the stomach, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency which result from indigestion, there is nothing so effective as Ayer's Pills. These Pills contain no calomel or other poisonous drug, act directly on the digestive and assimilative organs, and restore health and strength to the entire system. T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not have been alive to-day, if it had not been for them. They

**Cured**

me of Dyspepsia when all other remedies failed, and their occasional use has kept me in a healthy condition ever since." L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for Liver troubles and indigestion, a good many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action." Richard Norris, Lynn, Mass., writes: "After much suffering, I have been cured of Dyspepsia and Liver troubles

**By Using**

Ayer's Pills. They have done me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken." John Burdett, Troy, Iowa, writes: "For nearly two years my life was rendered miserable by the horrors of Dyspepsia. Medical treatment afforded me only temporary relief, and I became reduced in flesh, and very much debilitated. A friend of mine, who had been similarly afflicted, advised me to try Ayer's Pills. I did so, and with the happiest results. My food soon ceased to distress me, my appetite returned, and I became as strong and well as ever."

**Ayer's Pills,**  
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DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
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**Thus Would I Lead:**  
Come, little love, let us go  
Where the full throat of the wool warbles  
on in its devout singing,  
Where the soft chiming of the brook on the  
bells of the pebbles is ringing,  
Where the faint hum of the bee on the breeze  
of a perfume is swinging,  
Higher and low.

**Come, little sweet, let us roam**  
Far to the shade of the oak that beckons  
with bows that are nodding,  
Where the fat, rollicking bee with the weight  
of his plunger is plodding,  
Where the woodpecker, so fierce with the  
drumming delight of his prodding,  
Taps his brown home.

**Under the boughs of the green—**  
Sweet with the fragrance of woods and the  
murmur and rustle of flowers,  
Cool with zephyrs that played through the  
ancient Acadian bowers—  
There are the minutes found that are only the  
hearts of the hours,  
Throbbed unseen.

**Come, dainty one, at my need,**  
Fain would I show you the way where the  
fern-leaf in shadow reposes,  
Where the bland buzz of the bee is hushed in  
the pause of his dozes,  
Where you can see the half-shy, half-petulant  
face of wild roses—  
There I would lead.

**Thus would I take you through life:**  
Giving you only, my love, the honey and  
roses and singing,  
Only the smoothest of paths where the scent  
of wild flowers is clinging,  
Nearer and nearer to peace, and ever your  
innocent bringing  
Fur her from strife.

—D. M. Smith in Chicago News.

## THE BENDERS.

A PEDDLER'S ADVENTURE IN KANSAS.

"I have been a pack peddler for more than twenty years," said the old man, as he whiffed away at his pipe to get it alight, "and you may suppose I have met with some stirring adventures. I have travelled a great deal in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Minnesota, and for weeks and months I have been on the alert, not only to preserve the contents of my pack, but to defend my life. My line of travel has been Yankee notions, with jewelry added. I have had with me at one time as much as \$2,000 worth of gold and silver watches, ear rings, finger rings, &c. I have sat on a log beside a highway in Kansas and sold \$400 worth of stock to three or four men, and I have disposed of \$50 worth of ladies' jewelry at a pioneer cabin which had neither floors nor partitions.

"On two different occasions I ate dinner at the cabin of old Bender, the Kansas fiend. On the first occasion the old man was away, and I saw only two women about the place. Six months later, when I called again, it was about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Then I saw old Bender for the first time. I have heard him described as a pleasant-faced old man whom no one would suspect, but I tell you the very first look at him put me on my guard. For the first time in a year I felt that my life was in danger. The same two slatternly women were about the house, and there was a young man whom I took to be old Bender's son. This young man disappeared soon after I arrived, but whether he hid in the house or rode off across the prairie I never knew. Bender's women purchased about \$3 worth of notions, and the old man dickered with me for an hour over a gold watch. It seems he had but a small stock of cash, but he offered me personal property in exchange. He had three or four silver watches, all of which had been carried, two or three revolvers, two bosom pins, made of lumps of pure gold, and three or four pairs of valuable cuff buttons. We had nearly effected an exchange when he suddenly decided to leave the matter open until after dinner.

"Months afterward, when the discoveries of his crimes came out, I thought the matter over, and could remember just how nicely he played me. Without seeming to interrogate me for information, he asked how long a trip I had made, what success I had met with, who I was, where I lived, and whom I knew in that locality. The old murderer was figuring up the chances of my being missed in case he put an end to me, and he had a curiosity to know beforehand what the harvest would be. While I told you that I did not like his looks, and that I had a creeping feeling in his presence, I had no idea of an attempt to murder by daylight and in the manner I was planning for. I had a trusty revolver and I had the courage to defend myself. Had I met him out on the prairie, or had we been jogging together along some lonely highway, I should have been prepared to pull my pistol at his first movement.

"Dinner was announced soon after 12 o'clock. I took my pack with me into the dining room, where I found the table set for one. There were three rooms in the house. The front room was a general sitting room and office combined. Bender kept a sort of tavern, you know, and travellers had this front room. The next room back was the dining room and family room combined. There was a bedroom leading off. On the walls of this family room were a few old-fashioned prints in old-fashioned frames, a shelf on which stood a clock, and a few scant evidences of women's presence. The back room was the kitchen.

"I had my eyes wide open when I en-

tered that dining room, and the very first thing I noticed was that the table was set lengthwise of the room, and that my chair and plate had been so placed that my back would be toward the kitchen door, which was not over five or six feet away. Had it been at the other end my back would have been toward the office door. The first move I made was to turn the chair around to the side and sit down. I now faced the bedroom door, and had the other doors to my right and left, where there was no window behind me. The younger woman was in the room, and she looked at me in a queer, strange way as I upset the arrangements she had perfected. Bender did not look into the room for two or three minutes, and then retired without speaking. A minute later he passed around the house and entered the kitchen by the back door. While I could not see him, I heard him and the woman whispering together, and I caught the words as spoken by her:

"I tell you he did it himself!"

"I could not catch a word from him, and directly he went out and she came in with the rest of the eatables. Her face was flushed and her manner very nervous. She put on a plate of bread and a platter of meat, and then went out for the coffee. As she set the cup and saucer on the board, she partly upset the cup and spilled half the contents on the table.

"Excuse me—I'm sorry," she said, as I shoved back to keep the hot liquid from dripping on my legs.

"Never mind—no harm done," I replied.

"It was so careless of me. You had better change your seat to the end while I sop it up."

"Oh, don't mind. I'm not hungry and shall eat but a few mouthfuls any way. I forgot to tell you that I preferred water to coffee."

"But—you—you—"

"I'm all right."

She gave me one of the queerest looks I ever got, first flushing up and then turning pale. Spilling that coffee was a put-up job to get my back to the kitchen door. I suspected it then; a few months later I had plenty of horrible proofs. Before the meal was finished old Bender looked in from the kitchen door and drew back, and when I shoved away and entered the office he was not there and did not show up for five minutes. When I went to dinner a double-barrelled shotgun stood in a corner of the office. When I came out it was gone. The old man came in after a while, and it was easy to see that he had to force himself to converse. I paid him for the meal and was ready to go. It was a lonely road I had to travel, with no other house for miles, and it suddenly struck me that the younger man had gone on to lie in ambush and shoot me in case I escaped assassination at the house. For a minute or two I quite lost my sand, and you can judge what a relief it was to me to see a team drive up with three men in the vehicle and room for one more. They stopped to water the horses and chat a few moments, and I readily gave me a lift on my way. I did not impart my suspicions to them, and it was not until the horrible stories came out that I felt sure in my mind what a close call I had had.

"Do I know what became of old Bender and his family? You remember that they fled the country, or that the paper, so reported, and for months we used to hear from one locality and another of the fugitives being seen or captured. I have reason to believe they never got out of the State, nor yet a hundred miles from that lone tavern on the prairies with its horrible cellar underneath and its graveyard in the rear. Bands of men were riding in this or that direction, bent on vengeance, and one of these overhauled the party. I have been told this on the best authority. As Bender had shown no mercy toward the unsuspecting travellers who were shot in the back from that kitchen door as they ate at his table, none was shown to him or his. They were wiped out and planted where their bones will never be turned up to the light of day."—New York Sun.

## His Reason.

A jury composed of eleven business men and an old fellow from across the creek retired to the jury room. The foreman, when selected, remarked that he thought the prisoner ought to be sent to the penitentiary for five years.

"That ain't long enough," said the old fellow. "Let's put it on him for ten."

"Oh, no, that won't do."

"Well, then," stretching himself out on a bench, "I'm with yer."

"What, you going to hang the jury?"

"That's about it."

"My dear sir, we are anxious to get back to our business."

"Then send him up for ten."

"But that would be a great injustice."

"Then squat an' make yourselves comfortable."

"Have you any special reason why the prisoner should go up for ten years?"

"Think I have."

"Will you please name it?"

"Yes, fur it won't take me long. He is my son-in-law an' I have been supportin' him ever since he was married."

He went up for ten years.—Arkansas Traveller.

## "HITTING THE PIPE."

An Old Californian Tells His Experience With Opium.

### How he Became Addicted to Smoking and How he Broke off the Habit.

"Oh, yes," he said, as he sauntered through Chinatown and was assailed by its unsavory odors, "I have smoked opium. I recognize the familiar smell."

"And still continue to do so?"

"No, thank God, my experience with the drug was short and decisive, but sharp while it lasted. The opium habit is like getting into a quicksand, once in its grasp escape is almost impossible."

"You got out, it appars."

But not without a struggle. I feel the effects of the drug even to this day, and it is many years ago since curiosity induced me to try the first pipe. Of course, I had to give some excuse for my foolishness: I wished to learn the secret of opium's control over the minds and bodies of its votaries. This is how it was, and I might as well make a clean breast of it. I am not a DeQuincey, but I'll tell you as clearly as I can my feelings while under the influence of the drug. I had become acquainted with a gambler, one of the most expert in the state, whether in front or behind the game. I noticed that he often left the table, when dealing, and after he returned, say in half an hour, his manner had undergone a change; he manipulated the cards with greater steadiness and ease. One day I asked him the plain question:

"D—, why do you call on a substitute, and quit the table so often?"

"Opium, my boy," he said, in a feverish way. "I can do nothing without it. Steadies the nerves. Deprive me of my periodical pipe and I'm like a fiddle minus strings. Ever try a whiff?"

"No."

"Then you'd better take my advice and continue to let it alone."

But my curiosity was aroused, and after accompanying D— to his favorite opium haunt several times, I resolved to realize the sensations derived from smoking, whatever they might be. I lit my first pipe, as the slang goes, about 4 o'clock one afternoon, and shudder now at the remembrance of the terribly sickening experience I passed through recurs to me. It was hard work in the beginning to get the pipestem properly adjusted to my mouth, and the method of smoking is different from that when you are enjoying tobacco. In inhaling opium smoke you draw the fume into the lungs by a long pull, and then inhale it slowly. A pipeful will last about one minute, and then you have to roll a new pill, and so on, till the desired effect is obtained. Like most beginners, I smoked too much at the start, but hardly felt the power of the drug till I arose from the bunk where I had lain. Then I became comparatively helpless, and staggered like a drunken man, zigzagging toward a water-pitcher, of the contents of which I drank a cupful or more. Nausea followed, and when I reached my wooden couch again, my lower limbs gave way completely, and I fell insensible and helpless. I lay in that state for three hours, or until D—, who had missed me, and suspecting where I had gone, found and brought me to myself. With his help I got to my room in the hotel, where I again fell into a sleep, disturbed by restlessness and horrible dreams. I would awake screaming and with the idea some one was in the room seeking my life. In fact, I made such a racket that the night clerk threatened to have me arrested for being drunk and disorderly and alarming the house. He summoned D—, who sat with me till morning, when I still felt the effects of the drug, but was able to rise.

"Well, old boy," said he, in a bantering way, "how do you like it as far as you've gone?"

"It's a pretty rough introduction," I replied, "and I guess I'll go no further."

"That's right," said he; "you'd better stop now; but I'll bet a twenty you won't. Of course, you smoked too much, and then drank water to make the matter worse. If thirty after the pipe, all practised opium-smokers drink only good strong tea."

"Well, I'm done with the stuff, anyhow."

"No, my boy," he said, quietly; "you'll tackle it again; you don't like to give up heat."

"D— knew me better than I did myself. The time came, sure enough, when I did tackle the pipe again, thinking myself strong enough to smoke without getting sick. I pulled away for about three minutes, consuming three pills, and this time I got a glimpse of what is called the opium devotee's paradise. With my body and limbs completely relaxed, I dropped into a state of delightful dreamy half-sleep, languidly knowing all that was going on around me, but caring for nothing. I was above and beyond all worldly considerations, all responsibilities. Then there came a change. Restlessness supervened, and this dream of delight was rounded off by horrible mental images that resembled the harpies of Dore, as he pictures them in the Inferno. Then I came back, in a dozed way, to real life, and, upon

the strong tea, as I had been advised, and went home with all my nerves in a state of protest.

"Dating from that time, I indulged in the pipe for three months, and I felt the habit was gradually blinding me in chains. One night, however, not feeling well, I retired earlier than usual and missed my regular hour for smoking, which was about ten o'clock. Then came the tug of war. I was seized with cramps as if all my intestines were in a vise, had hot and cold flashes, while a cold, clammy perspiration streamed from every pore. After two hours of this agony D— happened to come in.

"What's the matter, old fellow?"

"Don't know. I'm dying, I think."

"Did you have a pipe this evening?"

"No; turned in early and missed my smoke."

"That's it," said he, "it's the opium. You have been treating the drug with ingratitude and it is taking its revenge."

"Oh, for God's sake, D—, bring me something hot to drink. I shall die, I am like Stephano, nothing but a cramp."

"Putting his hand in his pocket he took out an opium pill, saying: 'Here, take this. The pill's the thing you want.'

"But my resolution seemed to strengthen in proportion as my pain was severe."

"No more opium for me, D—. If the agony I am suffering now be caused by the drug after the short experience I have had with it, what must the victims feel after a year or two? I'll never touch it again. I am in pain now, but I will get over it without your pill, or die."

"I did get over my illness, but it was three days before I could leave the bed. Neither by pipe, potion nor pill have I renewed acquaintance with the drug since. Perhaps some constitutions are more sensitive to the effect of opium than others, but if any one has suffered from it more than I did during the time being I pity him."—San Francisco Call.

## Tell Your Wife.

If you are in any trou or quandary, tell your wife, that is, if you have one, all about it at once. Tap to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your mother, or sister, and be assured that light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as veridant in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus adjudges them. Their intuition or insight, is the more subtle, and if they cannot see the cat in the meat there is no cat there. In counseling one to tell his trouble to his wife, we would go further, and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune relieved, by man's full confidence in his better half. Woman is far more a seer and a prophet than man, if she be given a chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from him. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence? We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his purposes and hopes. What is wrong in his impulses or judgment, she will check and set right with her almost universally right instinct. "Helpmeet" was no insignificant title, as applied to man's companion. She is meet help to him in every darkness, difficulty and sorrow of life; and what she most craves and desires in confidence, without which love is never free from a shadow.—Arkansas Traveller.

## Tyler's Second Wife.

A few years ago a friend loaned me a book containing the reminiscences of Mr. Wise. In it he says that he was riding out one evening with President Tyler, who informed him that he was going to marry Miss Gardner.

"Why," said Wise, "she is too young for you."

"Not at all," replied the President, "I'm still in my prime."

"That reminds me," continued Wise, "of an old colored man down in Virginia, who was generally consulted by his old master on any affairs of importance, to both. The old master was a widower, and when he got the consent of a young lady to marry him he communicated the fact to the old man. 'My sakes,' said Sambo, 'she is too young for you.' 'Not a bit of it,' answered the master, 'I'm still in my prime.' 'Yes,' responded Sambo, 'you are in your prime now, but wait till she gets in her prime, then where will your prime be?'"—Courier Journal.

## Stating a Problem with Exactness.

"Bessie, if there were three apples on the plate, and you took one, how many would be left?"

"If Fred was here, mamma?"

"That wouldn't matter."

"Yes it would, mamma."

"Well, with Fred here, then."

"Mamma there wouldn't be any apples left."

"Why not, Bessie?"

"Cause Fred would take the other two."—Philadelphia Call.

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Two human vertebrae found at Sarasota bay are regarded by Prof. Haeppin as conclusively proving the existence of prehistoric man in Florida at a very reperiod.

An Italian physician recommends the daily administration of about twenty-five grains of borax as a preventive of cholera, his observations having shown that workers in borax factories in cholera districts always escape the disease.

An ingenious astronomical theory is that of Mr. Mack of Dublin, who suggests that as shooting stars are known to be dark bodies rendered luminous for a short time by rushing through our atmosphere, new stars are dark or faintly luminous bodies which acquire a short-lived brilliancy by rushing through some of the gaseous masses.

An insect "never before seen by orange growers" has appeared in Florida. The new-comer is very small, and is found under the leaf, which it saps so quickly that it (the leaf) turns yellow in a few days and within a week falls. Some of the groves are badly infested with them, but it is believed that they will not stay long and the damage done will be small.

A lioness' brain was recently dissected and studied by Herr Fannilant at the Anatomical Institute of the Berner Veterinary School. Among other results he finds (Mittheilungen of Berner Naturalists' Society, 1885), that in form it is in many respects intermediate between the dog's and the cat's brains; from both it is distinguished by a relatively small projection of the cerebellum and narrowness of the lobes pyriformis.

Fish lizards have been found in large numbers in the vicinity of Rock Lake, Manitoba. The lizard is about eight to ten inches long, has a smooth, scaleless skin like an eel, a mouth and a head like a catfish, gills like a fish, but the covering furnished with extensions at each side fully an inch and a half long, four weak legs like a lizard, with webbed feet and a long tail like that of a tadpole. The head is large in proportion to the body.

Capt. H. Toynbee, of the London Meteorological Society, has arrived at the conclusion that clouds of less than 2000 feet in thickness are seldom accompanied by rain, and if they are it is very gentle, consisting of minute drops. With a thickness of between 2000 and 4000 feet the size of the drops is moderate. When increasing thickness comes increasing size of the drops, and at the same time their temperature becomes lower, until, when the thickness is greater than 6000 feet, hail is produced.

The best opinion now is that the "flying fish" do not fly. The average weight of the muscles doing this work in birds is one-sixth that of the whole body, and that of bats one-thirteenth, while that of flying fishes is only one thirty-second. The impulse to the propulsion of the flying fish is probably delivered while they are still in the water by the powerful masses of muscles on both sides of their body, which are of much greater breadth than in the case of the herring or any other fish of their own size. The visible flickering of the fins is, therefore, only a vibration akin to the flapping of a sail.

## A Surprised Soldier.

A Baden Baden letter tells this story about the Empress of Austria: The Empress Elizabeth has been in the habit of taking long walks every day some fifteen or twenty miles, generally accompanied by only her maid of honor. A short time ago they were going to Rastadt, a little town about twelve miles from here, containing a royal school and barracks, when they lost their way. They were in despair, but were relieved by meeting two private soldiers, whom they took as guides, not telling whom they were. The empress walked with one of the soldiers, the maid of honor with the other for the whole afternoon, conversing very pleasantly. The Empress told her companion that she was an Austrian, and would like to see him again, inviting him to call upon her the next day and giving him her address. The day arrived—so did the soldier—he was ushered into a room, where he met the Colonel of his regiment, who questioned him about his behavior the day before. The poor soldier was struck dumb with horror when he found with whom he had chatted in such a friendly manner, as her Majesty dresses very simply when she goes on these tramps, and had simply told him that her name was Elizabeth; he, of course, had no idea of her exalted rank. She presented him with twenty marks.

## Out on the Fly.

"Sly, look here, waiter," demanded a commercial-looking man at a Hilsted street restaurant, this morning; "say, what do you call that?" pointing to a disk on the table.

"That—why, sir, that's butter."

"You don't say so! And can you tell me whether it belongs to the Boston, the Philadelphia, the St. Louis or the Chicago nines?"

"I don't understand you," replied the amazed waiter. "Please explain."

"Well," continued the guest, "I judge it had better go out on a strike, or a short stop, or a foul, or in some other manner, and denced quick, too—it's the best 'dy' catcher I ever saw."—Goodell's Sun.